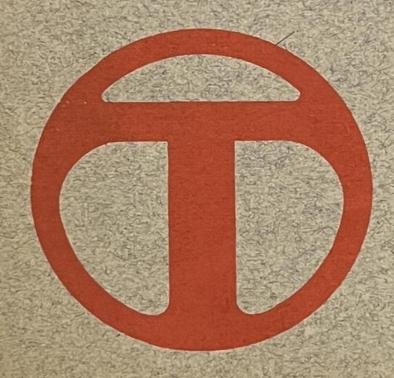
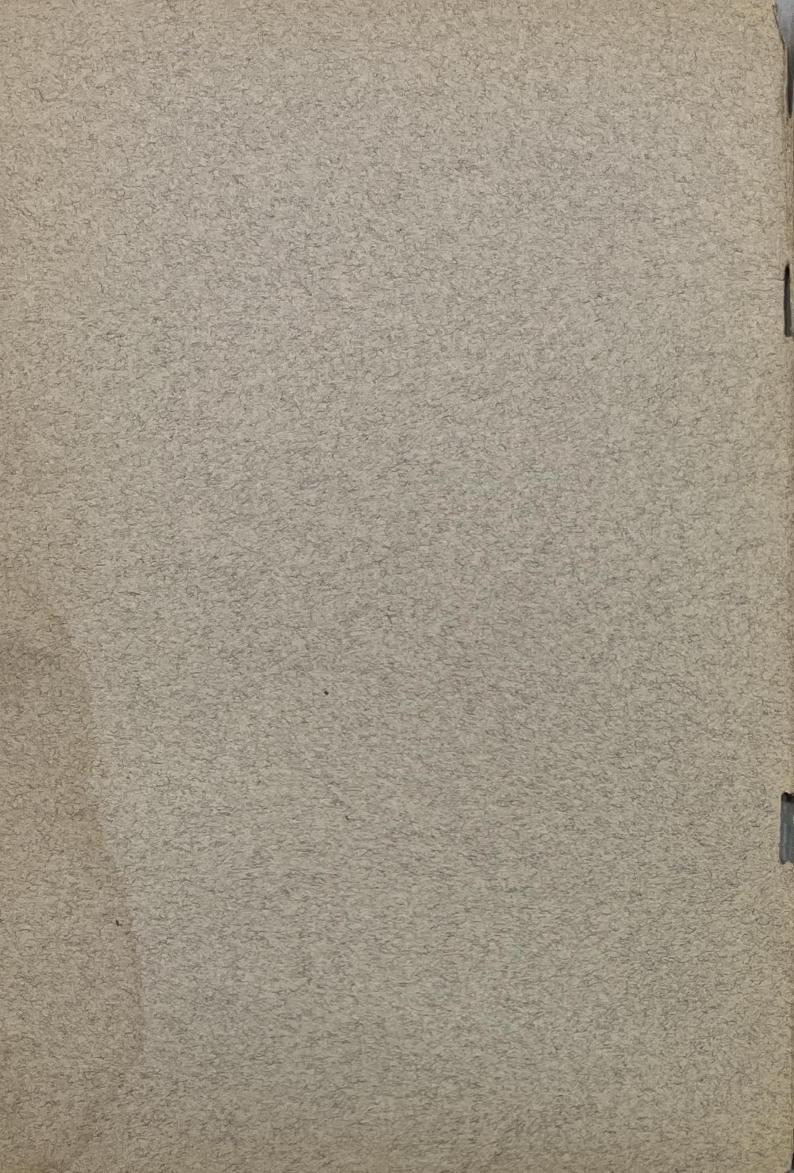
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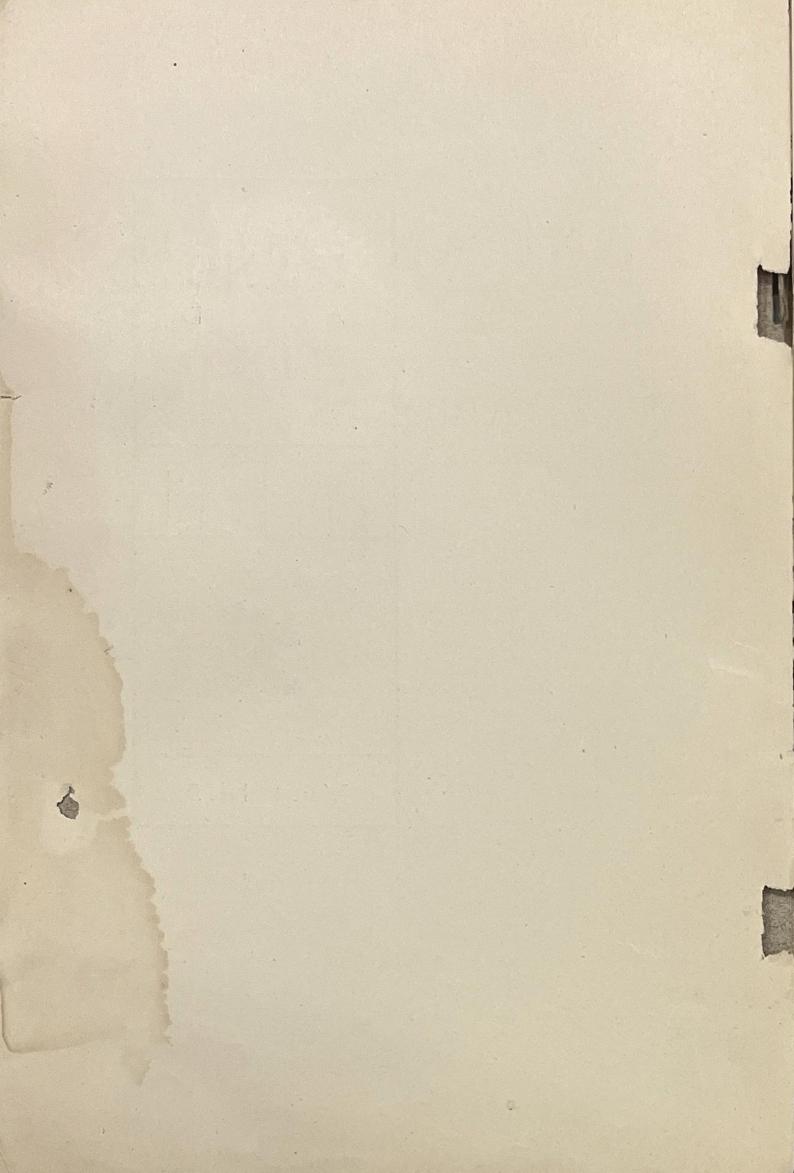




HAND A N D MIND



Vol. 1 No. 3



HAND AND MIND.

Vol. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1903.

No. 3.



ATHLETICS



For the third time at least this year, we call upon you to help support the athletics of "Tech." At first it was football, then the track, and now it is baseball. The prospect of our having a winning team is undeniably bright; but the wiser ones declare that spirit and fight from start to finish must prevail throughout, if a successful end is to be attained. There is certainly no need of the sophs and juniors or seniors asking whether our team will be a strong foe in these fast approaching battles, and upon what we base our confidence, but let us enlighten you Freshmen in the matter.

Have you ever heard of Dick, "Old War-Horse" Bally, Heine, Carter, Big Johnny and Little Johnny? You have I know, so I need say no more, except that these men will form an excellent nucleus for a fast and sturdy team. We could fill this issue with the good points and the praise of last year men. But having said this of the old men it is time to say something of the new ones; Jack Nagle, our wily southpaw, and Skinner, who is reserving a "big bunch" of speed for warmer times. And a great

future can be predicted with such men as "Pat" Harvey-

cutter, Watson, Geib, and Simpson in the field.

But we do need spirit and fight from start to finish. This is the strat now, out on the practice field, where the fight should be and must be. For this purpose everyone must come out, girls and boys; nothing could please us better than to see a hundred boys out on the field every evening practicing. You might ask the use of this, and say "I can't make the team." But this is not the point. We don't expect one hundred or even twenty-five boys to make the team; nevertheless you will do an immense amount of good if you only come out. Don't you see that if there are ten or a dozen boys trying for one position each fellow will have to play ten times better than the other fellow to make the team, and that certainly would be better than it is at present when only three men are playing the same position. Now we know there are some who could not play ball to save their lives, and who would only hinder the progress of the practice by their inferior playing. However, to everyone is allotted a duty, and that is to come out and watch practice—both boys and girls. There is nothing that will help a team so much as signs of interest in the school, and nothing so discourages them as a lack of interest. So everyone who will not come out to practice must come out to watch the practice. We cannot say it too emphatically: On behalf of the team COME OUT to the Old National Park, and watch the practice! Join the Athletic Association and get a ticket for all league games. The practice games are free of admission, and every one should be on hand to root and cheer.

There is one other thing upon which the success of a team depends and that is a good coach. In this we are extremely fortunate in having Mr. Grant, the man of deeds, and of superior baseball records. He is an exceptional coach, one whom all of the boys love to rally around and uphold.

HIGH SCHOOL MEET.

The first indoor meet ever held between the Washington High Schools, occurred Saturday, February 28th, at Convention Hall, and proved a great success. Our boys showed up well, and the school's hearty thanks are due Mr. Speare, our trainer, who worked very conscientiously with the boys during the entire training period before the meet.

The local High Schools finished with Central holding first place; Western school; Tech and Eastern tied for third, and Business fourth. The greatest number of places, however, were carried away by the representatives of the Boy's Latin School, of Baltimore. They secured a place in every race they entered.

We had no runners in the Junior 50 yard dash, but Walker pulled out second in the Senior race. He beat Magoffin in the semi-final, but was beaten by him in the final. In the shot put, Huddleson and "Tubby" came to the front in the High School contestants, being beaten by Orme, of the Spencerian Business College, who put the shot 40 ft. 3½ in. In the relay we could do no better than secure third place. The team, however, did its best and showed up very favorably.

Boys, do not let this discourage you! Come out for the Spring Meet, and we will be sure to put up a game fight for first place.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

At a meeting of the girls of the Athletic Association, held on April I, it was decided to organize a tennis team, to play the remainder of this year, and a basket-ball team able to contest with the High Schools next year. This basket-ball team will be under the sole management of the Association, and not under the supervision of the Physical Culture Department. A regular uniform for this team was thoroughly discussed and determined upon. As for the tennis team, the association has two courts on Third and T streets, which are to be at the disposal of the girls of the association from two till four every day, provided the girls have tennis shoes. Miss Olcott, of A4 will receive the names of all candidates for this team.

The girls are to be congratulated on entering so readily into the athletic spirit of the school. It is the desire of the association that every girl of the school belong.

Hurry up and join!

BENEFIT LUNCH.

On Friday, May 1st, a lunch will be given at Tech, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The expenses of running athletic teams are large, and as a consequence the association finds itself in debt. Please remember to



bring a full pocket-book to school on that date, as there will be no end of good things to buy. Our boys down at Central must come up to Tech on that day and eat lunch, and all must remember that the athletic interests of our school must be looked after. Don't forget the lunch. Come one, come all!





A TRIUMPH



I.

"Hello, hello there Charlie Evans," came a call from the door of the gymnasium of the Hill House High School. Charlie turned and in answer to a signal, hurried to his companion's side.

"Charlie, Jack Kirkman has had an accident; he stumbled on one of the banks and has sprained his ankle, and with his fall, falls also our hopes of a couple of medals and he our champion in the fifty yard and quarter mile dashes. Did you ever hear of such luck? Just one week before the Indoor Meet comes off."

"Come, come George, quit grumbling so, it doesn't help matters. Tell me just what the Professor has decided. Are we to drop out of the contest or what?"

"Your 'What' is about it. You know that fellow from the West, Dakota, or somewheres, whom we treated so because he always bragged about what he could do in athletics and yet never would show what he could accomplish? Well, Professor says he has good cause to brag and has put him in Jack's place. Did you ever hear of such nonsense? But of course Professor must know, though I can't see that fellow Reigny's motive in not letting us see him train."

"George let's drop the subject; Professor knows best and don't worry so, for accidents cannot be prevented."



So saying he took his friend by the arm and led him to the dressing room.

In his own room, "that fellow Reigny," sat pondering not over a new subject, but one that had filled his mind ever since he had been at New Haven.

He was a boy who had to fret and fume under doctor's orders and his constant thought was, "How silly for a boy of my age to be babied around by an old fogy of a doctor.". It is, "Do this and do that, but don't do what you want to from morning till night."

To-night, though, he had cause to rejoice. For on telling his doctor of the offer which had been made him at the High School, that kind old friend (not so old after all, for not many years before he had won for his school honors on the athletic field), had surprised him by saying:

"Within a week's time I believe you can take part in the contest provided you let me be your trainer."

Too astonished to do more than mutter, "I'll think it over," Frank Reigny passed to his room. By this time he understood why all the boys shunned him, for he had made a mistake. Inferring that the boys would not have anything to do with him when they found out he was an invalid, he had kept it secret, thinking that telling them what he could do would amount to the same thing as showing them. And now he could not make up his mind whether to say "Yes" or "No." "If I should win," thought he, "after being out of training for six months, would it be right for me to give my school such honors after it has treated me so?" He could not believe that it was all his fault. "Or should I go into it just to triumph over them?" The natural feelings of a boy decided him;

he would try his best for the school and enjoy his triumph afterward.

The first heat of the fifty yard dash was on. Among the crowd of boys seated at the foot of one of the banks, Frank Reigny saw much to encourage him. The movements of the runners limbs were not precisely as he had been taught and they did not cover ground as fast as he expected. Unconsciously he murmured, "I could give any of them a start of ten feet and overtake him." In the next heat he saw someone who was not to be competed with so easily. The only boy, his trainer had told him he had to fear, dashed off at the pistol shot a stride before the others and his every movement suggested experience and training; but after striking the third bank he slacked his pace, knowing that it was only a preliminary heat and run just fast enough to come in about an arm's length ahead.

When the next heat was called, Frank took his position, imitating as much as possible the position of the others, backs bent and knuckles on the line in front. At the pistol shot he was off, running awkwardly, and staggered in only a couple of inches ahead. This acting was because his trainer did not wish the others to know his pupil's real speed. His unsuspecting rival, the champion of another High School, complimented himself on a sure victory for he had been completely deceived by Frank's running. There was hardly a cheer from the H. H. H. S. for they were deceived also. It mattered little if the fifty yard dash was won for them. But when in the finals of that event, Frank Reigny won his race in the same way, the people from the Hill House High

School opened their eyes. The Hill House boys were doing well and captured the relay race and the field events. But one event remained to be run off and that was the quarter mile.

As the starter called the runners' numbers they arranged themselves in order according to their names, ready for the final and hardest race. At the whistle all the runners crouched low and, noticing Frank's peculiar position, tried to see what was forthcoming from such an one. Every man listened intently for the pistol shot and at its sound, Frank started off into his stride an instant before the others. His rival of another race was surprised to see such running from one who had pveviously showed such clumsiness, but planned to cut him off on the banks. With a backward glance Frank became aware of this and also saw that he had nothing to fear from the click of spiked shoes behind him. A strained effort of the other two runners brought them ahead, but it was too much and they fell back. Frank lagged all he dared and when his opponent was at his side he knew that the race was to his school or his rival's. The life and dash which characterized the beginning of the race was gone, when but one more lap remained to be run. As the shot for the final exertion of speed rang out, Frank's rival shot ahead running as Frank had thought it impossible to run, but he kept his mind on one thought, to keep unbroken the long, swift stride he had been taught. He sustained his weakening muscles by will power, and encouraged himself with the thought that he had some strength in reserve.

The goal was hardly ten strides away and the rival had smiled in triumph, when suddenly he found Frank's

face even with his own and in the final effort Frank drew ahead and with arms held high he broke the string while his rival's foot touched the line.

Frank was indeed the hero of the hour, for he had not only won his race, but his better nature had kept him from triumphing over his fellows. And from hundreds of voices came:

"What's the matter with Reigny?"

"He's all right."

"Who's all right?"

"REIGNY."

"Three cheers for REIGNY."

"HURRAH. HURRAH, HURRAH."

A. S. B2.





A BOY VISITS TECH



"Just a bit of ribbon,
Just a bit of lace,
Just a litle picture frame
For a picture face.
Flowers, fruit and feathers
And a bird on top of that
That's the airy, fairy thing—
A new Spring Hat."

Spring hats! Is there anything of more importance than an Easter hat? If you think there is, just take a peep into the millinery rooms at Tech. Such a bevy of pretty girls and confusion of colors and voices, as I came across the other day led me to step inside and see what was going on. Every one was so excited that they never noticed my entrance so I calmly got behind a friendly curtain, where I could watch in safety. Girls were fluttering to and fro before the large mirrors, trying on hats of every description. Suddenly a familiar voice, whose owner had always seemed so meek, exclaimed in an angry tone, "Miss Soloman, Carrie has gone and copied my new hat and I didn't want anyone to have one like it."

"You horrid May!" cried another familiar voice, "you know I decided on this style long before you did."

"Oh, dear!" someone sighed, "I did so want to have a flower hat but Fred says they are just too common and

he don't want me to look like every other girl on F

street."

"Miss Soloman, which color do I look better in, red or "Miss Soloman, "Red or I am just dying for a light blue? Please say blue for I am just dying for a blue silk hat. They're too sweet for anything."

"Mayn't I make a red poppy hat, Miss Soloman?

love red poppies," cried a little brunette.

"No, No! I chose poppies first," a larger girl replied." "And I am going to make one anyway," angrily cried the first.

At this exciting moment I thought it best that I should get out of the room as soon as possible. Outside the door I met my sister's chum looking so bright and happy that I begged her to tell me the good news she must have heard.

"Oh," she said, "I have been trying for a week to decide the color of hat I want to make, and I have just found out that—don't you dare breathe it—Frank just adores lavender, so I am going to make the swellest violet hat."

"Tell me something else about these wonderful creations," I said. "Why is it the girls are so anxious to make their own hats this year?"

"Well, you see we can make them to suit our own styles and so much cheaper than the stores, and we can have two instead of just one."

"Do we ever spoil any?"

"Well I guess not-er-that is-we sometimes have to get more material because we make little mistakes in the cutting but we never spoil them."

"Look! See that girl over there—the pretty little dark

one? Well, don't say a word, but we girls have the best joke on her. She sneaked her practice hat home, put a long plume on it and wore it that evening to see Richard Mansfield. When coming home she was nearly frightened to death by seeing one of the teachers board the car, but being a man he didn't recognize the hat, and the girl had the narrowest escape of her life."

"Was it wrong to wear a practice hat?"

"Well I should say so! You see they are made of school material and belong to the school. If it had been a lady teacher, that girl would have been in disgrace."

"Oh there goes Mr. Many, our artistic teacher. The girls wouldn't think of taking their hats home without showing them to him and asking his opinion. He invariably exclaims, 'How bee-u-te-ful! Do try it on, Miss ——' and the unsuspecting girl is so pleased that she fails to notice the grimaces the poor man is making."

"One old lady, on seeing some of the hats in our department, said, "Are these the new styles?" and on being assured that they were the latest, exclaimed, "Well, I guess I've changed my mind about getting a new hat, my old one will do very well."

"Dear me, I must be going if I want to start my new hat, so—Oh! there is Mrs. Chamberlain. She also got the Spring hat craze, and wanted to make a red one, but Mr. Chamberlain objected, and I bet he 'wished things' upon getting the bill for a stylish Woodward & Lothrop hat."

"Well, good-bye. You'll see my hat next Sunday," and away she rushed into that chaos, leaving me to thank my stars that I am not a girl.

HAND AND MIND,

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EDITORIALS.

The Easter holidays are over, and the fourth quarter, the hardest and most tedious part of the year, is fairly started. You have all had a good rest and should be in perfect trim for this, the final struggle of the year. So many things crowd into the last quarter; the baseball games continuing almost up to the close of school, and the Competitive drill, which is THE event of the year. But

don't forget those books, and, while you must uphold your school on diamond and drill field, be sure that your lessons are not neglected.

DISCIPLINE.

"Till a man learns that the first, the second and the third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it might be and what it ought to be."

The above quotation is from an article in the "Southern Workman," by the great educator, S. C. Armstrong, who, in turn quotes from the great head-master of Rugby. It is especially applicable to our school.

A public school and especially a Technical School, is intended for the advancement of the public welfare, and hence is only of use to those who intend to get all they can out of their course. The crowded condition of our school presents a difficult problem. The building was built to accommodate about two hundred pupils. This, the first year, we have about four hundred and fifty, and will probably have seven hundred next year. We are already crowding Central What can we do next year with the seven hundred pupils? It is evident that a "weeding out," is of vital importance to our present and future welfare. But who shall go and who shall not be entered?

First.—Those who come to Tech attracted by the glitter and novelty of our new building.

Second.—Those who come merely because some of their friends re in the school.

Third.—"Flunkers" from other schools.

Fourth.—Specials who have no desire to work earnest-

Of course there are exceptions to those named in the second and fourth classes, but the first and third admit of no exceptions.

Those in these classes are mill-stones around our neck, and we cannot climb higher until we throw off their retarding influence.

But now that we have decided whom to "weed out," who shall stay with us or be admitted to the school?

First.—Those who select the course having a definite reason for so doing, and who are willing to strive conscientiously to attain high scholarship and preserve discipline, and thus bring credit upon the school.

Second.—Those already HAVING high scholarship and discipline.

It is plain that those persons mentioned as needing "weeding out," are, none of them, enough interested in the school to aid in attaining high scholarship and in elevating the standard of discipline. They have absolutely no real interest in the school and why should the discipline or scholarship interest them? We can easily fill our school with those who are interested. But it is already filled and we have over 200 pupils at Central. The only way to fill the school with the good is to get rid of the bad now in it. Then, and only then, can Tech have that perfect order and high standing which every school should have and must have to attain its aim.

OUR NEW LABORATORY.

The completion of our chemical laboratory marks the introduction into our school of as fine a laboratory as any school in the country can boast. Professor Mattern is to be congratulated, for he has secured for our use every essential for a fine course in chemistry. As a result of his efforts, we have the most beautiful and at the same time the most complete laboratory in the Washington schools. A feature soon to be introduced is an electric fan, which will drive off the unpleasant odors characteristic of every chemical laboratory.

Owing to the fact that the laboratory was not completed until the year was half gone, Mr. Mattern has arranged matters so that any one who wishes to put in extra time, can work after school until 3:30. The large number of "workers," who are to be found up there every evening, show that chemistry is a very popular study at Tech.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

We are glad to announce that Tech has been included with the other High Schools by Columbian University, of this city, with regard to scholarships. The university offers six scholarships to the High and Manual Training Schools, to be divided in proportion to the number of pupils.

Last year we obtained one scholarship in Lehigh University to be awarded to the member of the graduating class who attains the highest percentage in his entire work.

This, with the one which we have in Columbian, gives our Seniors two scholarships for which to compete each year.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"You must set this matter right,
Now what time did the young man leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
And her dimples deeper grew.

"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

Ex.





REGIMENTAL NOTES



The "Competitive Drill" is rapidly drawing near. When the time for it arrives, it will be one of the biggest events of the school year. The freshmen who entered the school last Fall do not see how this can be true. Is not the foot ball champion series of greater importance? Will not the baseball champion games be of greater importance? and "Where is the Spring Meet?" they ask. But freshmen, ask your upper classmen which event of the year is "the" thing, and the answer will be "The Competitive Drill."

This being so, you freshmen should work hard, very hard, whether in or out of the Companies. You who are Cadets form the rank and file of the Companies, and on you it depends whether or not our school is the recipient of the flag. The freshmen out of the Cadets should keep up the spirit of the event by their enthusiasm, vocally and actively.

The flag should be brought to our school. We should try to be the best in everything, and, the editor, his staff, our faculty, all the school, hope that you will respond to their appeal and work hard.

Perhaps the freshmen think that something should be said to our second, third, and fourth year men about work, but it not necessary for them to know what the winning or losing of the flag means.

Up to now, the drill in our two companies has progressed nicely. The work has not been very hard.

In about three weeks, soon after the Easter Holidays, the In about three weeks, The rough, uncouth company actual work will begin. The rough, uncouth company will be polished and rounded off. The little things are will be polished and to fine points. The drill becomes snappy. The cadence is increased. Everything, and everybody, The cadence is months and privates work, and work, and work, and work. And when the day for going on the field is at work. And when their company is going to win or will give some other company a hard push for the prize.

About ten days ago, the Captains drew their order of going on the field. The first day, the First Batallion drills, and the second day the Second Batallion drills. This arrangement alternates each year. On the first day, the companies go on as follows:

- 1.—Co. B, Capt. Scudder.
- 2.—Co. D, Capt. Daniels.
- 3.—Co. A, Capt. Davis.
- 4.—Co. C, Capt. Huddleson.

On the second day, the companies go on in the following order:

- I.—Co. F, Capt. Thompson.
- 2.—Co. E, Capt. Pullman.
- 3.—Co. H, Capt. Stokes.
- 4.—Co. C, Capt. Weston.

Concerning the last article, it is a pleasure to notice that it made an impression. The boys know now that "plenty of hard work is still on hand" to serve the delinquent cadet.

Mr. Skinner, the discipline terror, smiles very sweetly every time the matter is mentioned, and says, "Really there has been a decided improvement since your paper published that item."

We are glad to see that the number of girls who watch the drill on Rhode Island Avenue, has been greatly increased. Keep it up girls! We need you there.

The guns are now here in our own building. They are "stacked" in the shower-bath room.

The Competitive Drill is definitely arranged to take place on May 19th and 20th. But before this great event comes the Regimental Drill and Sham Battle, on May 10. Come out everybody and see the fray.





TOM'S RISE



When Major Latimer, in a sudden passion, put his son Tom out of his house and told him to return no more, the population in the village of Grafton sided with the Major. They all agreed that Tom was a scapegoat, lazy and good for nothing, and a sore trial to his father. But only one in that whole population actually knew Tom Latimer.

Nothing so annoyed the Major as Tom's clumsiness. When a dance was given, Tom was sure to distinguish himself by slipping upon the floor and bringing his partner down with him, or he was almost cerain to stumble over something when carrying a glass of water; in fact, Tom was so clumsy and awkward, that the Major was ashamed of him, and the gayeties at the old mansion were stopped solely on account of poor Tom.

The boy meant well. He did his best on all occasions and groaned inwardly as time after time he failed. He had received a good education, but had not applied himself. The "Guv'nor" was wealthy and so Tom could not buckle down to hard work. He loafed around the post-office and discussed the politics of the day and awed some of the old farmers by his frequent use of words of exceptional length. With the young people, Tom was a general favorite and he would join with them in their sports and settle their disputes. But with the old folks he was looked upon as a vagabond. And so finally, when

the janitor of the village church complained to the Major that he had seen his son with some of the rougher element of the village, destroy some of the stained glass windows of the church, the old Major waxed wrathy and ordered his son out of his house, telling him it was his home no more.

And then Tom awakened. He had one friend in the village, an old fisherman named Max, who lived on the outskirts of the town. To this place Tom wandered on that unfortunate day.

"Old man been after ye Tom?" was Max's greeting as he appeared.

"Yep, fired for good this time," answered the boy.

"Well don't let that worry ye lad, 'cause you know 1 aint dead yet."

"Max, what must I do?" asked Tom abruptly.

"How would ye like to go to New York an' become one of them there lawyers?" was the prompt reply.

"Too much work and study Max. You know I never could do that."

"Well, if ye don't work an' study now, ye won't when ye get older and ye'll be no better off then than ye are now. Now if ye'll go to New York, I'll sit ye on the right track to become one of them lawyers."

"How?" asked Tom.

"Well, I know a man thar, that I once did a little service, an' he promised to do me a favor some day. Wal, he's one of them lawyers, an' a good one, too. Now you go thar an' study with him and larn the business an' I'll bet ye'll come out on top yet. Ye've got some money of yer own an' if it gives out, why I've got some, see?"

Tom saw, and for half an hour he meditated, trying to determine whether he had the will to cast off his idle habits and buckle down to work. At the end of that time, he looked up and said:

"Max, I'll try it but I don't believe I'll see it through."

"Yes you will boy, yes you will. Ye'll see it through and make those rascally brothers of yours feel like nothin." Now I'll write to that lawyer to-night and we'll see what he says. Meantime ye must stay here with me."

In two days a reply came and Max joyfully showed Tom the letter. It was from one of the City's most distinguished lawyer's a man of great legal talent. Years ago, when Max was a sailor, he had saved this man's life at sea and thereby won his friendship. The lawyer stated that it would be a small favor to extend and to send Tom on by all means.

Within a few days Tom was ready, and, with an earnest plea from Max to work hard, ringing in his ears, he

left Grafton.

In the law office of Phileas Strong, he commenced the first real study of his life. Many a legal battle did he watch with interest and admiration and he was inspired with a determination to become something. He impressed his employer as a man of exceptional ability, one who would make his mark.

Years passed and Tom had made great progress. Phileas Strong looked upon him with admiration and pride. Already, he had succeeded in having him admitted to the bar and Tom was a member of the firm of Strong and Latimer.

The long years of idleness of Grafton had passed and

now he was all energy. Step by step he had progressed and he ranked among the leaders of his profession.

Phileas Strong saw in him the making of a good politician, a man who would work for the people's interests and it was he who pushed Tom into politics. It was a successful move, for Tom, through his eloquence, captured the people and entered Congress. His heart was full of gratitude to Max and Phileas Strong who had caused his entrance from the realms of obscurity into a position of prominence.

But his progress did not stop here. He passed to further honors. The world knew a brilliant man and recognized Tom as such. Through his earnest endeavors he had won the hearts of his people and they rewarded him by electing him their Governor.

Such was Tom's rise in the world in the course of twelve years. How he looked shudderingly back upon the old days at Grafton and saw what might have been.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The village of Grafton was in a flurry. The newspapers, ever prying into a public man's private affairs, had stated that the Governor was going home, and the population concluded that he was returning to make peace with his father. The Major thought so too and had his groom drive him to the station to meet his son. Feeling in the village had changed since Tom's rise in the world and there was not one in the whole place, but who was proud to say that Grafton was the Governor's home.

It seemed as though the whole population had turned out to see the Governor upon his arrival. Old Max, with rather a nervous look, was seated on a broad box in

front of the grocery store, awaiting with the rest, the arc front of the grocery that Tom on board. It came, rival of the train with Tom on board. It came. The rival of the train at first recognize in the distinguished crowd could not at first recognize in the distinguished crowd could not at a could not a could not at a could not looking individual to the suddenly slipped and fell upon the mer days, but as he suddenly slipped and fell upon the mer days, but as a recollections came back to them and they smiled.

The Governor smiled too, picked himself up, and, bow ing right and left to the great crowd, now applauding ing right and letter walked over to his father's car

riage and extended his hand.

The Major, his voice choked with emotion, said as he shook his son's hand, "Tom, will you forgive me?" and Tom smilingly replied, "I have long ago, father."

"Will you come home, Tom?"

"Not now, for I promised Max this visit, but at some other time soon."

Tom Latimer left his father and went over to Old Max The old fisherman grasped his hand, and, as they walked down the road towards the old man's hut, leaving an astonished population behind them, the old fisherman, with tears of joy in his eyes, exclaimed:

"I knew it was in ye, Tom, I knew it was in ye." T. E. C. H. '03.





SOCIAL NOTES



The Chi Psi girls have been entertained, since the last issue, by the Misses Toulson, Jones, Kemon, McLean and Thomas. The next meeting will be held April 17th, at the home of Miss Hastings.

On Friday evening, April 3rd, the Chi Psi girls were "At Home" to their friends at the residence of Miss Hastings, 2812 13th Street. Tech was well represented both by the teachers and pupils.

Miss Hartman proved a charming hostess at a chafing dish party given for the girls of A3 on the evening of April 1st.

The Senior Club boys gave their second dance, on March 27th, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. Mrs. Chamberlain performed the duties of chaperon.

The Fifth Tech dance, which occurred on the evening of March 4th, was very successful. As usual, it was very well attended. The popularity of Tech dances is exceedingly noticeable.

Four meetings of the Senior Club have been held since the last issue of the paper, at the homes of Miss Gardner, Miss Bayly, Miss Keeling and Miss Arthur. At Miss Gardner's, progressive hearts was played, Mr. Nagle and Miss Kemon winning the prizes. At the other three meetings euchre has been the form of entertainment. Mr. Dinsmore and Miss Sanderson were the lucky players at Miss Bayly's; the Captain and Miss Bayly at Miss Keeling's and Mr. Toole and Miss Bayly, at Miss Ar. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Lyon.

INTER-HIGH SCHOOL SOCIAL CLUB.

Let it be known that the heretofore obscure Inter-High School Social Club, composed almost entirely of Technical students, though Eastern and Central have small representations, is blossoming unexpectedly and indeed magically into popularity.

Its last meeting was held at the charming home of one of our most popular freshmen, Miss Charlene Browne. The meeting was a great success, and being held on the evening of the twentieth of March, was favored with most beautiful weather. It was indeed so mild and pleasant that for some little time the company enjoyed a moonlight dance on the veranda. Those who did not participate in the dancing, enjoyed themselves in an equally pleasant way, in the cozy corners. Refreshments were served by the hostess, and the evening was altogether one of the most delightful of the season.

One new member was admitted, the honored Mr. Simpson, of B2. Hereafter membership will be granted to four at a time and only by presentation. The members are as follows: Miss Gertrude Burch, of Central, Miss Marion Armstrong, of Central, Miss Laura Offut, of Central, Miss Nellie Shafer, of Central, Miss Helf, of Tech., Miss Charlene Browne of Tech., Mr. Sidney Jones, of Central, Mr. Wilbur Jones, of Eastern, Mr. Raymond

Miles, of Central, Mr. Andrew Apple, of Tech., Mr. Harold Simpson, of Tech, and Mr. Watson Eldridge, of Tech.

K. B. C.

The Ancient Order of the Knights of the Black Cat, at a recent meeting decided to change the title to the Kappa Beta Gamma Fraternity. Several meetings have been held at the homes of Mr. Taylor, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Leitzell, and Mr. Gloctzner, all of which were most enjoyable. Several members made a tour of Maryland during the holidays.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club meetings during the past quarter have been very successful. Many very interesting, as well as important, talks on plates, developing, developers, and the different kinds of papers and how to handle them, have been given by the founders of the club, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Grant and Mr. Adams. The library of the club has been started by the purchase of a set of magazines, called the "Photo-Miniatures," to which the members of the club have access. The new members who joined the club during this quarter are, Miss Spear, F1, Miss Dent, F1, and Mr. Lutz, A4.

Saturday, March 28th, the Camera Club went on a trip to Rock Creek Park. They spent a very pleasant day, making several photographs. Those who went on the trip were: Mr. Adams, Miss Paret and Messrs. Wilson, Fuller, Leitzell, Fenderson, Lowenstein, Edwards, Pierce and Whitt.

FACULTY NOTES

3

It is to be hoped that all of the teachers have recuperated during the Easter holidays. A rest seemed very necessary for them, as some one of them has been absent every day for the last month or so.

Mr. Many and little Miss Chamberlain, seem to be on very familiar terms. The other day during a meeting of the Camera Club, in her baby voice she called out: "Many, come here."

Scene: Class Room 1; Time: 9 a. m. Mr. Mattern seated at Mr. Gerry's desk. Enter Miss Messer—"Mr. Mattern I will—" Mr. Mattern rapidly disappears. Was it chemical change?

Mr. Gerry has the key to the situation (C. R. 1)

Miss Bitting says, all the teachers' reports are in except one. Ask Miss Olcott whose is missing.

Mr. Mattern believes in "hot air;" and B2 says he is

the only gentleman in the school.

Some of the lady teachers are very envious of those who were favored with invitations to the "Senior Club" dance on March 27th.

He said:—"It is not my study hall, but I will take it

as a special favor to you, Miss Bitting."

There seems to be quite a mystery about the "Free lunches" among the science teachers. Mr. Hall wishes some one would "put him next."

Every one pronounces Mrs. Chamberlain a splendid poser.

When Mr. Minnick's out of town
And Mr. Mattern takes his chair,
When suddenly the day grows cold,
Who's principal up there?

Who does Mr. Birch allow to throw wads of paper at him?

It seems almost as easy for some of the teachers to forget study hall as it does for some of them to forget teachers' meeting.

Ask Mr. Gerry how to spell "who's?"

All who have partaken of Miss White's dinners have pronounced them a decided success.

The tremendous influence of the drawing department seems even to have penetrated into the minds of the faculty's children. Mr. Chamberlain's little boy remarked the other day that he liked his dog's color scheme very much.

Mr. Gerry is going to give A4 a lawn fete. Poor Mr. Gerry.

We understand Mr. Adams had his picture taken, at least once, while out with the Camera Club, on their trip to the Zoo.

The Chi Psi, at home, was well attended by the teachers. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Misses Sanders, Freyhold, Draney, and Hartman, and Messrs. Hall, Adams, Burkett, Many and Birch all being there.

The "old bachelors" of the Faculty, namely, Messrs. Adams, Birch, Many and Burkett, have decided to form an "Improvement and Protective Society." It sounds very interesting and we are anxious to rarn more of its organization and progress.



HER DECOY



W. ROBERTSON, EI.

Little Miss Grey pouted, and then looked out of the Little Miss of the window. She soon turned, however, to the man standing

before her.

"But, Jack, its such a preposterous idea for you to ex-"But, Jack, its of me." Dropping her remonstrating pect such a time tone of engaging familiarity, she added: "All the winter gayities just at hand and you require that I give winter gaylines just because we are engaged. Can't you see how foolish that is?"

The young officer addressed had half replied, but checked himself, and said almost irritably: "We've argued long enough and now must come to some agreement, that's all there is to it." His voice sounded more like an

officers than a lover's.

His fiancee lounged easily into a corner of the divan,

smiling.

"I am ordered," he continued, "to my post to-day and of course must go; how long I'll be detained can't be told as yet. But Lela, I promise you that as soon as possible we shall be married. You wouldn't care to drag out there on those plains any more than I'd want you to."

"Yes," she replied, "we agree to all that, but I think it so queer of you to insist that I should give up all the

pleasures; to be excluded from every thing."

"No, Lela, I didn't say that, but really I don't think it becomes a lady to receive attentions from gentlemen while engaged. I would give up such things for you if I were in your place and you requested it of me."

"Not if you were a girl who had been out 'just one season and wasn't sick of society," she replied, toying with her watch fob, "and, besides, I'd never ask you. I

have more feeling for you."

He flushed at this cut, but replied:

"Well, no matter, the reason I request this has been given and I must have an __'"

"Jack, I am afraid you'll miss you train," she evaded,

half rising from her seat.

"No I won't; I must have your final answer," he answered half fiercly.

For a moment she studied the pattern in the rug at her feet.

"Oh! Jack, did you know that "Bob Royce is coming home from St. Petersburg, next week, and there is to be a swell -"

"I can't stand this a moment longer, I've loved you since we were children together; for the last two days I've pleaded and begged for a favorable reply, but you insist upon treating my proposition lightly. I love you, but I do insist upon you accepting my one term. Please reconsider and give me an answer," he cried.

Seeing perhaps, the strained condition of affairs, she asked: "And the alternative is what?"

"Our engagement will be broken and each shall go his or her way," Jack replied firmly.

"Jack, why can't you see the idea in the same light I

do; our engagement has not been made public yet.

do; our engagement has not been made public yet.

But do; our engagement do; our engagement give my promise with the hope if you insist, I will give my promise with the hope you lettined long in that horid little fort out the if you insist, I will g in that horid little fort out there,", won't be detained long in that horid little fort out there,",

* The reception in honor of "Bob" Royce's return from The reception in the words of a daily paper "a grand son Russia was in the words of a daily paper "a grand son Russia was in the devoted fully half a column in a Russia was in the stand solvery charming young lady who is the stand solvery descriptions of a very charming young lady who led the descriptions of a descriptions of a descriptions of a with Mr. Royce. With the air of a speculator, the paper enumerated and considered the chances of a favorable match in that circle of society.

It was just such a paper that found its way into a small fort in Arizona, where a young captain dreamed of a happy occasion to come, in which he was to be one of those most concerned. The captain read the article, his anger rising fiercly, but the final inference of a possible match was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Choking with anger, he madly tore open a writing desk and dashed off a note. On reading it he tore it up, it was too strongly worded. After various attempts, he accomplished the feat and secured a note, the tenor of which ran thus:

"I have been struggling under a hallucination. seems I am not the man for whom you could leave society alone even for a short time. You have broken your promise, given, I thought in solemn faith. This, of course, can only be considered as in insinuating request that all our former relations cease."

Captain Jack Weldon threw aside all cherished dreams and turned to his work in a way that caused his troopers to believe, no doubt, that a campaign against the Apache was pending.

Lela received the note with a chill. She did love Jack, but had never really considered it solemnly, until then, when they were on the verge of separation. Jack had been unbending in his manner, approaching almost to harshness, but, Lela had put him through a mental torture for the two days previous to the giving of her answer; this she acknowledged to herself, so he was not entirely to blame for his conduct and language.

After some thoughts and also some tears, she sat down and carefully wrote two letters. The first, to Jack, was very formal, it being a cold answer to his letter to her. Yet there was a certain melancholy air about the reply; this Lela endeavored to impart to it. The other was a more elaborate letter, on which numerous tears had been (intentionally) dropped. It set forth in words carefully chosen for their expressiveness, the virtues and many qualities of "her dear Jack."

This second letter was intended for her sister, Florence, in Chicago, to whom she generally confided all her troubles. She posted her letters and awaited the result with a smile of assurance.

It is possible that the surprise experienced by Florence, when she received her letter was about equal to that of Jack's when he opened the supposed reply to his letter.

Several days later Jack received a note from Chicago. It was the reply to his letter forwarded by Lela's sister who expressed her sorrow at the "deplorable mistake" made by Lela in mailing the letters. She requested that the letter intended for her be sent at once, as the Captain could have no possible use for it.

But really the Captain on the contrary had a very great

use for it. The next train, east, carried a man who ap, use for it. The flexion of a matter of life and who applied for leave of absence on a matter of life and death, at least so his superior officers thought.

They sat in the same room in which their differences They sat in the standard to been explained, and unrestrict.

ed freedom had been granted to both.

freedom had been g "Lela," he whisperel, the Captain laughing from purpose ?" happiness, "Did you mix those letters on purpose?"

The head on his shoulder nodded and a pretty face

smiled archly up at him. She said:

"It was the only decoy I could use."



3

SCHOOL NOTES

3

Overheard in a passing 7th street car—(at R. I ave.,)
Are those flats? No, (reading name on building) McKinley Mutual Training School.

Miss Keeling, A4, doesn't like to have her name in the paper. She locked up the School Notes Editor and because he wouldn't promise to omit anything more about her, went off, leaving him to jump out of the window. This is not fiction, but History. "What a piece of imprudence."

Why does Marston prefer the window to the door as an exit? Doesn't it lower his dignity to drop out of school so uncermoniously?

A voice from the darkness (of the drawing room)—
"Hoge! Get out of my light!

Have you heard Doc. Mattern "rip out" about the "Mind and Hand?"

Mr. Martin Schmid lately rendered the "Ancient Mariner" to the honourable fourth year class in a manner quite Schmidsonian. Since then, as a reader of nursery rhymes, he has had several flattering offers from wealthy families of Washington and Baltimore.

ROOT'S CAT.

Root got mad at an old gray cat,

(Ever heard of a thing like that?)

Madly he slammed with a hot base ball,

But he couldn't hit it (alas) at all;

Trying to strike it upon the head,

He singed his whiskers and ear instead;

Then to himself he loudly swore

Oaths that he never had breathed before,

And the cat, a gentle domestic cat,

That never had heard wild words like that

Said in his heart—"Jehosaphat!"

Marston says that he has been having a "Tragedy of Errors" lately, probably due to his having sworn off swearing. Root is now doing the swearing for him, and is rapidly going to the bad. He will soon be the "Root of all Evil."

If the girls' base ball team should play the boys' team, Miss Heine would make the boys in the field do some tall running.

The giddy revelry of the "Tech" dances, seems to be as distasteful to some of the teachers as Comus to The Lady.

FI has been delightfully entertained by Mr. McCafferty, who shows great expertness in juggling everything he can lay his hands on.

Uncle Mattox landed a knock out blow on Senior's chin the other day. Terrible Dick was so surprised and dazed that he could only hold on to his jaw.

Ask Browning, B2, what apparatus used in Physics is

called a "Chiropodist."

When a fellow deserves a G(?) And on his report gets an E. Its then upon his face we see The smile-that-won't-come-off.

Too bad! Too bad! To be "cut" all because of a good lunch! Are the girls envious of the good meal the boys had? The "affair" was simply grand! two seniors, two sophs, and two juniors were present and they had a glorious "green" time.

Somebody said that Daniels was a "dapper" little Captain.

FUNNY THINGS TO SEE.

McClain making an eloquent debate.

Root eating pie.

Ed Schmitt trying to use a monkey wrench.

Mac. Wilson trying to argue with Prince.

The girls playing base ball.

The girls running a relay race in the yard.

Apple trying to play ball.

A tall teacher with the key to C. R. I. in his hand.

Miss Duffie reading a selection.

The boys in the labratory with their last year's cooking aprons on.

Daisybelle, all the time.

Mr. Many catching McClain in the book case.

Lutz demonstrating a mathematical proposition.

Mr. Adams with his hand bag.

Miss Kemon trying to dodge Miss Seyferth.

Mr. Mattern when he gets mad.

Mr. Chamberland admiring Mrs. Chamberland's new spring bonnet.

Mr. Minnick horrified.

Mr. Gerry eating Force.

The "Tech" milliners are to be congratulated on their success with Mrs. Chamberlain's hat. She seems to be perefetly charmed with it.

One of the best things to be seen in connection with the girls' athletics is Miss Duffie trying to kick the foot ball. At any rate, that is what one of Miss Saunder's teachers thinks.

About five minutes after a question had been correctly answered in B2 English Class, Mr. Culbertson was still waving his hand vigorously. Being called upon he rose to his feet, folded his arms behind him and said,—"Weller-well-er-er-er-I-er-think the same-er-as he does."

Heard in Astronomy (Physics) Class B2: Miss E.-"Mr. Hall—does any one actually know-how manystars are in the heavens?

Mr. Hall-"No indeed-why?"

Miss E.—"Well—I heard the other day—that—they had found—a new one.

What is it that Garfield Hospital contains that it should constantly draw Miss Carrie Nation's eyes that way during the cooking hour?

> Mary had some little lambs, Knew more of corn that text; Mary raised her trembling hands, "What will happen next?"

SOME WHYS AND OTHERWISE.

Why does Darrah, A2, say: "Portia has one general feminine trait—she is not quite honest?" Did he learn it by experience, or otherwise?

Why did Armstrong, B2, get his position as Chairman of Class debate? Was it through merit, or otherwise?

Why that air of wounded dignity; why those tears of offended pride? Better learn these fourth year boys, Miss Messer, otherwise (more tears.)

Why does that Technical pedagogue say girls are uninteresting? Did he not once think otherwise?

Why does C2 lift its head and rejoice? Once this was otherwise.

Why does Lamb, A2, say: "Love stories are sickening?" Later he may decide otherwise.

Why the Carver's anxiety at the dinner B2 gave? Was it caused by the responsibility of the delicate situation suddenly confronting him or was it caused otherwise?

Why does Lutz always spell "waste"—"waist?" Did he get his knowledge from the dictionary, or otherwise?

Why did the Frat girls invite only boys to their reception? Was it diplomacy, or otherwise?

Why does Miss Hastings harbor a Miss Lee certain Why does week? Would it be cruel to do otherwise?

Why did Mr. Daniel say that he would like to get as Why did would like to get as far away from the School as possible during the Easter far away To the Pacific Coast if it were possible? Was this rash remark caused by girl(s), or otherwise?

Miss Messer, in discussing Poe's "Gold Bug" the other day, mentioned Jupiter, one of the characters. Miss who had not read the story, exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad it has something about stars. I always did like that."

The boys think that the girls ought to come out at recess and stroll with them on the R. I. ave. promenade.

Prince, A4, says that fine goods come in small parcels.

Wagner thinks that a trip to Beltsville on a rainy Sunday night is religious devotion in the midst of mud. and that arriving at her house is like arriving at an oasis in the midst of a desert.

Toole, A4, interprets "Shook her doubtful curls, as fol-"She shook hair which was probably not her lows: own."

Miss Warn seemed to be quite flattered by the pictures we drew of her.

Huddleson extends a cordial invitaion to the girls of "Tech" to come out an inspire his boys to drill. iels seconds the motion.

The girls think the boys ought to be allowed to dance with them after school.

Mr. Gerry informed A4 the other day that though Nagle has yellow hair and blue eyes, he is not necessarily "armorous." Perhaps Von, or Schmid, is more inclined in that direction.

See the girls do physical culture stunts in the yard! Relay races and 50 yard dashes included. Admission free!

What is the most popular study at "Tech?" German.

The "Candidates for Graduation," think they are great because they can wear a "Graduation" pin.

Wanted:-By A4: A definition of poetry?

"Time, tide and Mr. Mattern, wait for no man."



EXCHANGES



Our newest exchange is The Sentinel, published by the Cadets of the Hudson River Military Academy. It is one of the neatest school papers we have seen and is very interesting and well gotten up.

We have received THE REVIEW, THE EASTERNER, THE BALANCE SHEET, THE SENTINEL, and THE NAUTILUS.

Teacher—"Have I made myself plain?"
Pupil—"No'm; God done it."

Ex.

"Young man," said the Professor, as he grabbed the frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," was the meek reply.

Ex.

"I wouldn't cry like that my little man."

"Well, you may cry anyway you want to, this is my way."

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Johnny—"Yes, sir, I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

Teacher-"A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." Pupil—"That's why we all flunked."

The second number of THE NAUTILUS is of the same excellence as the first number. We have one suggestion to offer, however. Its exchange column consists of jokes only and would be very much more interesting if some mention were made of the exchanges received.

The Central High School Review contains two much material written by the Faculty. A school paper should be run by the students and when so much of the contents is written by the teachers it shows lack of interest in the paper.



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